DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The Old Farm.

When the busy day is over with its anxious
hopes and fears,
And the telephone stops ringing and the
last clerk disappears,
With a sigh I lean back weary in my swing-
ing office chair,
And my thoughts go back to childhood and
the old farm that is there.

I can see the dear old homestead, broad and
low beneath the trees,
And the rows of shining milk pans sunning
in the fresh sweet breeze:
I can see the barn and horses, and the
orchard on the hill,
Where we gathered golden pippins for the
old straw cider mill.

I can see the upland pastures dotted o'er
with grazing sheep.
And the wheat field waving golden, ready
for the men to reap,
I can see the old stone fences where the
chipmunks used to play,
And the cornfield and the meadow with its
piles of fragrant hay.

I can see the cattle standing 'neath the
willows by the brook,
Where I used to fish for minnows with a
bent pin for a hook:
And the pond where grew the lilies that
my mother used to prize,
Ah, the light of heaven's shining now with-
in those dear old eyes.

And I sigh while fancy lingers o'er each
well known pleasant scene,
Of the happy days of boyhood thrownby-
memory on the screen:
And I'd give all I have gained since, all my
wealth and treasures rare,
To go back one day to childhood and the
old farm that is there.

—*Townsend Allen.*

Unconcious Wit of Deaf Children.

Below is a collection of laughable mistakes and bright sayings which were made from both the Oral and Manual Departments of the Alabama School. Many of the mistakes do not necessarily show a lack of mentality on the part of the pupil. On the contrary, they often show his ingenuity, his logic, and, above all, the fact that his brain machinery is working and working hard.

The Sunday School lesson was about the Children of Israel crossing the River Jordan and getting into the Promised Land. An answer to the question: "What happened when they crossed?" was, "One of the men slipped on the promised land and was drowned in the river."

Tommy was told by his teacher that he must change his name to Tom when he grew up, that Tommy was a name for small boys. Lynden, not wishing to be outdone by Tommy, immediately informed the teacher that he would change his name to Lynd, a few years hence.

"Terrell is the wellest boy in school," spelled a boy who must have forgotten he had ever known there was such a word as "healthy."

When asked to tell what ivory was used for, one pupil surprised her teacher by including soap (ivory) in the list with jewelry, knife handles, piano keys, etc.

It really hurts a teacher to make corrections where the language, though incorrect, shows the logical working of the pupil's mind. Here is such a mistake: "When you have read this paper, tear it down."

A certain teacher could hardly find the heart to correct this, when she was teaching her class the word "upset" one day. "Miss A. makes us upset our mattresses every morning."

The Story of Cinderella was told to a class that was just being initiated into the mysteries of fractions. On questioning the pupils about the story later, the teacher was very much surprised when a girl insisted that Cinderella had only one sister. It was discovered after several inquiries that this girl had applied her arithmetic, "Two halves make a whole," once to often.

This really happened in our school: A girl received a letter from home and after reading several sentences, burst into tears. The sentence, "Mother was tickled to death to receive the present you sent," was the cause of her grief.

The small boys' supervisor took her charges to a picture show one night. She chose a rather large boy to lead the procession with her, and this is what he said when she took his arm, "No, I hug you."

A teacher found his fears confirmed when he asked the meaning of the sentence, "The gun went off," for the pupil unhesitatingly made the sign for "walked away."

Mistakes where the cart comes before the horses are often very amusing. Here are two: "The tail wagged the dog." "My vest made my mother."

This boy had learned that a blow on the head would kill a man because it injured his brain. Hero is what he wrote in telling the old story of Pocahontas saving John Smith's life: "The Chief commanded his warriors to hit John Smith on his brain."

Georgia knew the use of the apostrophe and she also knew that in certain places the personal pronoun must be used. But she did not know all the pronouns. This is what she wrote: "I hurt I's head."

Definition of tears—"cry drops."

Plural of spoon—"speen."

One morning a teacher was trying in vain to understand something that her class was endeavoring, with not much success, to make plain to her. Finally, the star pupil had an idea. Jumping up, she cried, "Miss G, gun pills! gun pills!" This explanation shot into the teacher's mind *bullets*.

"Mr. M. said my hat on my head was all right." The hat fitted the boy.

"My clothes in my trunk are too tight," wrote a boy who wanted his father to buy him a new trunk.

"Mary had a little ham," said a girl who evidently didn't know the difference between a ham and a lamb.

"Hitched" and "hatched" were confused in a little boy's mind, for he wrote, "A horse was hatched to a wagon."

"The moon stood on the sky."

"Columbus carried back to Spain some Indians and other kinds of fruits."

"How does a postman carry a kitten?" Answer: "In his mouth." This mistake came from a pupil who was slow in getting through and hurried with his writing.

Here are some expressions showing how children manage to make themselves understood even when they haven't the language to express their ideas properly:

Tommy had very dirty fingernails and his teacher called his attention to the fact, one day. Tommy looked distressed and explained, "Knife, no,"—a boy who has no knife should not be expected to keep his nails clean.

Marshall came in glowing after recess, just before Christmas time, and informed his teacher that he and another boy had been "toy fighting," (wrestling.)

"Miss B's plain flower has changed, all white," wrote Virginia to her mother, one day. The plant was in full bloom.

"During he was founding to smoke, the smoke made the dusty." This is an extract from an account of Raleigh and the Pot of Ale, written by one of the pupils. Some will grasp the idea while others will have to be aided by the explanation that "founding" was meant for "enjoying," (fonding) and that "dusty" was used to give some idea of the cloud of smoke that came from the pipe.—*Maumee Roberts in Alabama Messenger.*

An Afternoon Stroll that Drove American Gold-Crazy.

If James Marshall, an eccentric New Jersey man, had not happened to stroll through the bed of an empty California mill race, one afternoon in 1848——

Marshall was working for a pioneer, Captain Sutter, who had settled in California before the Mexican war. Sutter had come to America from Germany, had slowly wandered across the continent and had started a ranch near the site of the present city of Sacramento.

He decided to build a sawmill and to cut up his own lumber. That was the real opening of the California gold fields.

Sutter sent James Marshall, a visionary, unpractical wheelwright, from New Jersey, to choose a site for this mill. Marshall selected a spot in the little Coloma Valley, where there was fine water power. The rude wooden mill was built. So was the dam. And a millrace was dug out.

At last the millrace and its gates were ready. The water was turned in so that the loose earth and gravel might be washed from the bottom of the race. Then the water was shut off again, leaving the race dry and clean.

On the afternoon of January 19, 1848, Marshall went for a walk. His wanderings carried him through the washed and dry bed of the millrace. As he strolled aimlessly along the bottom of the race he noticed that the sunlight was reflected from many little yellowish specks in the rotten granite that formed the bed rock.

Always on the lookout for unusual things, he stooped and scraped out several of these shiny particles. They were smooth and brass colored, and averaged about the size of a grain of wheat. One was a lump nearly as heavy as a ten-dollar goldpiece.

Marshall ran back to the mill and announced that he had found gold. The men guyed him unmercifully, and for days he was the laughing stock of the camp. But ridicule made him all the more stubborn in his belief. He resolved to test the bits of metal. But he had no regular means of doing it. He gave the biggest nugget to a Mrs. Winner, and told her to boil it in saleratus water. As a joke she tossed it, instead, into a kettle of boiling soap. But next morning Marshall fished it out and found the lye in the soap had not discolored it. Nor did a bath in vinegar stain its luster.

Marshall had the specimens sent to an old miner and carried some of the "dust" to Sutter. Experts at once declared the metal to be pure gold. A newspaper mentioned the fact—and the life-and-death race for wealth set in.

First, California settlers turned from all other work and began to flock to the gold fields. Towns were emptied, business ceased. Newspapers and shops closed down. The west had gone gold-crazy. Across the continent—across the world—flashed the tidings. And the wild yearning for wealth dragged hosts of men from peaceful eastern or European homes.

The rush was on. New Yorkers, Southerners, New Englanders, sturdy pioneers of the middle west—men of the plough, of workshops, and of the pen alike—dropped their trades or professions, left their comfortable homes and plunged into the wilderness on a perilous 3,000-mile journey in search of fortune.

It was a state of affairs seldom found in all history. Men sold farms, houses, valuables, and drew from the banks their life savings in order to get passage and equipment for this land of promise on the other side of the continent. Men who were unfit for hard work or for privations, old men, and men who knew nothing about mining, all rushed to the Eldorado where they supposed gold could be found for the looking.

Across the prairies plodded long, slow, lines of caravans, headed west, crowded with gold seekers. Many of these adventurers sickened and died from exposure. More perished from starvation or were killed by Indians. But the mad rush did not slacken.

Into California poured the treasure hunters. Some of them found a little gold. A few of them cleaned up great fortunes. Thousands either crept back home in utter poverty or left their bones to whiten in the gulches. The majority would have been for better off if Marshall had never taken that famous stroll through the empty Coloma millrace.

Then began a strange phase of life in California. An era of rough lawlessness such as Bret Harte so vividly describes in his western stories; an era of danger, crime, bloodshed, sudden wealth, heartbreaking hardships, out of which California was one day to rise from sordid confusion to greatness.

Marshall himself joined in the mining mania. But he failed miserably. Sutter, too, was ruined by the gold rush. Both men were pensioned by the California legislature. But after a time their pension was withdrawn. Marshall died in 1885 in a hovel not far from the spot where he first found gold. A monument has since been erected to his memory. Sutter, too, died miserably poor.

We laugh at the ignorant sixteenth century Spaniards who thought America to be a miraculous treasure land. Were they really more to be laughed at than the "enlightened" nineteenth century Americans, who had the same insane ideas about California?—*Albert Payson Terhune.*

The Pit and the Pendulum.

A French officer captured by the Spaniards was takea to Toledo for trial, and as he was one of Spain's bitterest foes, he was condemned to death. But his judges did not tell him in what manner he was doomed to die.

The officer, who was ill, fainted in court. When he came to himself he was lying, unbound, on a stone floor, in pitch darkness. He had heard of the horrors of Spanish dungeons, and he rose shakily to his feet to explore his prison.

Groping his way through the dark his outstretched fingers presently touched a wall. He tore a bit of cloth and laid it on the floor at that spot. Then he crept along the wall, feeling his way. The wall seemed to be made of a series of iron plates, and not of stones. When he got back to the place where he had left the piece of cloth he estimated that he had paced exactly fifty yards.

Next he started across the dungeon. After a few steps his foot slipped. He fell forward. His body came in sharp contact with the floor, but his face did not. His face touched nothing at all. He felt around him in the darkness and found he had fallen at the edge of a large circular pit in the center of the room. His head had projected over the edge of this pit.

Shuddering at his narrow escape, the officer dropped a fragment of cement down the pit. Several seconds passed before he heard it strike the bottom. He moved back from so perilous a place and found on the floor a loaf of bread and a jug of water. Fever had made him terribly thirsty. He drained the jug at one draught. Then, from the drowsiness that suddenly possessed him, he realized that the water had been drugged. And he fell into a heavy sleep.

When he awoke the dungeon was no longer black. A sulphurous light from some unknown source made the whole room visible to him. He was lying on his back, strapped to a wooden frame by means of a stout leather belt. His arms were free and just within his reach was a dish of spiced food. He ate ravenuously and at once began to suffer from thirst. No water was there.

The ceiling of the dungeon, he now saw, was frescoed with a gigantic figure of Father Time. From the figure's hands hung a huge pendulum that swung slowly to and fro above the prisoner's body. And the officer noticed that the bottom of the pendulum was shaped like an axe blade, razor keen.

He saw that he had been mistaken as to the dungeon's size. It was barely twenty five yards in area, not fifty as he had estimated.

The officer lay gazing upward at the swaying pendulum, and as he gazed he fancied the keen axe edge was not so far away from him as when first he saw it. Gradually this fancy merged into horrified certainty. The pendulum at every swing was descending nearer and nearer to his helpless body. Now he understood the full measure of his torture. He was fated to lie there, defenceless, while the steel monster slowly sawed his body in two.

At once his brain grasped his only chance for safety. He rubbed some of the remnants of greasy food from the dish upon the leather belt that bound him. The hungry swarm of rats began to gnaw the greased leather. The belt parted under their teeth just as the pendulum was grazing the victim's body. He rolled away to safety and the pendulum was at once drawn back by unseen hands.

Presently a new terror gripped the prisoner. The dungeon's area was no longer twenty-five yards. It was narrowing every minute. The walls were contracting, closing in on him, leaving him almost no space between them and the pit. Closer and closer they crept until the officer was on the very edge of the abyss.

Then, as he tottered on the brink, he heard a confused sound of shots and cries. The walls flew back to their former position. A man dashed into the dungeon and seized the prisoner just as he was reeling over the brink into the pit.

The French had captured Toledo. It was the French General Lasalle himself who had rushed into the prison and rescued his tortured officer at the last possible moment.—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

SUGAR-CANE.

Of all families of plants, the grasses are by far the most important to man. This family includes about four thousand species, among them being the forage grasses and such useful plants as wheat, rye, barley, oats, millet, rice, sorghum, sugar-cane, and bamboo. It is evident, then, that the grasses supply a large part of the food of the human race.

Sugar-cane is by no means the largest of the grasses, but it is one of the giants of the family, growing to the height of anywhere from five to fifteen feet. It is a native of the tropics but is also cultivated in the warmer parts of the temperate zones. For many centuries it was almost the only source of sugar supply to meet the world's requirements, but it now divides honors about equally with the sugar-beet.

Sugar-cane, it is believed, was first utilized in India. At first, it is said, the softer portions of the stalk were eaten. Later, the juice was pressed out and used as a beverage. Then, about 700 B C., fire was used to concentrate the juice of the cane. From India, the art of sugar-making spread both East and West. In Persia improved methods of purification were discovered. From Persia sugar was introduced into Arabia, and thence into Egypt, and soon spread throughout northern Africa. The Moslems carried it into Spain and Sicily, and soon after the discovery of America the Spaniards introduced it into the West Indies.

Cuba is now the world's greatest producer of sugar-cane, with the island of Java ranking second. The Hawaiian and Philippine islands, Central and South America, tropical Africa, India, and many islands of both East and West Indies contribute largely to the world's supply. Louisiana is the only State of the American Union that produces sugar-cane in very important quantities, although some is also grown in Texas.

The plant grows in a series of short sections, connected by nodes, or knots. On each of these nodes is an eye or bud, so that if the node is planted the bud will germinate and produce another plant. Sugar-cane, therefore, is commonly propagated by planting the matured stalks, stripped of the leaves, either entire or cut into short pieces. Suckers, or offshoots, also start out from the root of the plant, and in the tropics the plantation may be kept renewed by permitting as many of these suckers to grow as may be desirable.

In this country the cane harvest lasts from October until December or January. In Cuba, and others of the West Indies, it begins in December and continues until April. The leaves and tops are cut from the plants, to be used for feeding to live stock, and the cane is conveyed to the sugar-mills.

At the sugar-mill the cane is unloaded upon a belt-conveyor that carries it to a machine where it is cut into small pieces. Another belt-conveyor takes these pieces to the crusher, consisting of great steel rolls. These crush the cane under very heavy pressure, extracting more than half the juice. The crushed cane passes through several sets of rolls, each pair being placed closer together than the one preceding, and exerting a pressure of from three hundred to four hundred and twenty tons.

The juice thus extracted from the cane flows through a finely perforated brass straining-plate into a receiving-tank. From this it is pumped into what are known as the liming-tanks, where milk of lime is added. Then it passes through successive stages of boiling, in which process the sugar crystals are formed. Finally, the sugar crystals are separated from the part that remains liquid. The raw sugar is then packed into bags, each holding three hundred and twenty-five pounds, and is ready for shipment to the great sugar-refineries, to be made into the white granulated sugar of commerce.

Many experiments have been made with a view to utilizing the "bagasse," or crushed cane, from which the juice has been pressed, for the manufacture of paper. One large sugar-mill in Louisiana for a number of years manufactured an inferior grade of wrapping paper from this material, but found it to be unprofitable. Bagasse is, therefore, almost universally used for fuel, although it is still hoped that an economical process for manufacturing it into paper may be discovered.—*John L. Cowan.*

Good Hard Thinking Will Help You

Exercise your body if you will—that cannot harm you and is pretty sure to do you a great deal of good, but whatever else you do or neglect to do, keep thinking. The well-established law of the physical universe that a machine tends to rust our more quickly than to wear out, holds equally good in the physical sphere.

It is mere coincidence that most of the great thinkers of the world, whether in philosophy, science, industry, literature, or the arts, have lived to be old, and despite the fact that in youth they were in many instances physical weaklings Significant, too, is the fact that the majority of them began to think, began to exercise their minds, along the lines in which they ultimately achieved success while they were still young. There is here a pregnant hint for parents.

Whatever aptitude, whatever special interest your child chances to display, encourage him in it. Don't deaden his desire for knowledge, his instinctive tendency to think, by indifference, by failure to answer his bombardment of questions. Rather, thank God that your child has an active mind, and set about training him in the proper use of it. Teach him the principles of observation, of analysis, synthesis—the principles, in short, of truly effective of thinking.

Accustom him to thinking out for himself, and seek to interest him in whatever it is well for him to know. You need not be afraid that he will overtax his mind. No child's mind—and no man's either—is overtaxed by anything in which a real interest is taken.

The trouble with most of us is that we are not really interested in anything. We have interests, to be sure, but they are diffuse, thin, weak—they do not grip us. That is why comparatively few of us even think in the true sense of the term. That is why when we are called upon to do anything in the nature of sustained mental effort, we are overwhelmed by doubt, fear, worry, and mayhap have finally to call in the doctor with his sage pronouncement, "Poor fellow! he has been thinking too hard." In point of fact, we have not been thinking at all, simply because we have not been interested enough to think.

Let us get truly interested in something, no matter what it is, and we shall find that we can think about it easily enough.

And thinking about it—definitely, tirelessly, earnestly thinking about it—we shall find ourselves grown both in mental and bodily vigor.—*New York Sun.*

Why Wet Land Is Cold.

C. G. Hopkins, soil expert, says that five times as much heat is required to evaporate water from the surface of a soil as would be needed to raise the temperature of the same amount of water from the freezing to the boiling point, says *Farm and Fireside.* This explains why wet and poorly drained soils are cold. The drainage removes the excess of water. Then the heat of the sun is able to make some headway in warming the soil. But if the soil is continually saturated with water the constant evaporation keeps the temperature down in spite of the sun's warmth.—*The Post.*

Precedent can not establish principles unless Truth is the foundation.

Killed During The Civil War.

The Civil War in this country, dragging its bloody length over four full years of misery, was supposed to be a fatal one. That is, we think of it and refer to it as a deadly struggle, in which thousands of brave boys gave up their lives. Certainly it was bloody enough to answer every purpose. But, in comparison with the present struggle in Europe, it was a summer's holiday.

During the Civil War, there were killed in battle only 67,055 men on the union side. We say "only," because probably three times that many men have been killed in the last few days at Verdun. In fact, the number killed in that region is estimated by some as high as three hundred thousand during the past two or three months.

The bloodiest battle of the Civil War was Gettysburg. The fighting there continued over three days, and it was a hand-to-hand affair in several instances. The total number of soldiers killed during those three days was 3,072 Union and 2,599 Confederates—a total of less than six thousand. More than six thousand men fell the other day at Verdun in less than an hour.

The total loses at Gettysburg—including killed, wounded and missing men generally being captives—was 43,545. The Union side lost 23,003, and the Confederates, 39,431. There have been half a dozen battles during the European War in which the losses were twice as great.

Our next bloodiest battle—and by all odds the bloodiest for the length of time it was fought—was Antietam. Upon that field the Union army had 2,108 killed, while the Confederates lost in killed exactly 1,866. Such losses do not amount to a great deal in this sanguinary struggle in Europe.

Waterloo was a battle of considerable proportions. In fact, it has always been considered one of the world's greatest battles, as it was. Yet the losses at Waterloo by both sides was only 54,000, and that included killed, wounded and missing. So it can be seen that the wars were small and insignificant things in comparison with the murderous affair that is now taking place.

He is The Richest Man.

In whose posession others feel richest. Who can enjoy the landscape without owning the land.

Who absorbs the best in the world in which he lives, and who gives the best of himself to others.

Who has a strong, robust constitution.

Who has a hearty appreciation of the beautiful in nature.

Who enjoys access to the masterpieces of art, science and literature.

Who has a mind liberally stored and contented.

Who can face poverty and misfortune with cheerfulness and courage.

Who values a good name above gold.

For whom plain living, rich thought and grand effort constitute real riches.—*Success Magazine.*

MARYLAND NOTICE.

The 32d Annual Reunion and Picnic of the Deaf of Maryland, will be held in Grove No. 8, Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, Md., on Wednesday, August 2d, to be followed on the 3d by an excursion to Chesapeake Beach, under the auspices of the Baltimore Frats. Outsiders are welcome to these events.

J. A. BRANFLICK,
1002 W. Franklin St.,
Baltimore, Md.

NOTICE.

The Thirty-seventh Annual Convention of the Maine Mission of the Deaf will be held in Portland, Me., September 2 and 3, 1916.

FANNIE P. KIMBALL, *Sec'y,*
20 Gilman St., Portland, Me.
By order of Pres. Carlisle.

Both salt and fresh water fish are caught in Lake Maracaibo, Venezuela.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JULY 27, 1916.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Editor.*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.
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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves.
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

ABOUT the middle of June, when the air was agitated and hearts were thrilled by the call to the National Guard to go to the Mexican Border, we mentioned the sons of deaf-mute parents who had heard the call and were either on the way or getting ready to go to the front.

Since then, the list of soldier boys whose parents are deaf has been considerably increased. Up to the present time, our information permits the publication of the names given below. And in order that additional names may come in, and to avoid criticism on the score of omissions, we repeat the names already published along with those recently added.

Edwin D. Fox, son of Dr. Thomas F. Fox, is with the Seventh Regiment at the border.

Two sons of Mr. Alex. L. Pach are respectively with the New Jersey Artillery, Battery A, and the U. S. S. Rhode Island.

George Irving Lounsbury, a son of Mrs. Margaret Lounsbury, is a sergeant (and will soon be lieutenant) in the 71st Regiment, N. G. of N. Y.

Walter Pfeiffer, Class of 1916, Columbia University, who added to his college degree the degree of Benedict, then parted with his bride and went with the Seventh Regiment to the sun-scorched sands of Mc Allen, Texas, is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Pfeiffer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bothner have a son on the border, in the 22d Regiment, we understand.

Mr. and Mrs. George Taggard's son is somewhere near the Rio Grande with a Brooklyn Regiment.

Kenneth Meinken, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Meinken, is with the 22d Regiment.

William Patterson, whose aged parents reside at the Gallaudet Home, is also enlisted and at the front.

Anthony Capelli, Jr., is in the training school of the Navy at Newport, R. I., and if war comes will probably be aboard a warship near Vera Cruz. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Capelli.

Dwight Bardes, a son of Henry Bardes, of Pittsburg, Pa., is a corporal of Field Artillery in the Pennsylvania National Guard.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred King, of Binghamton, N. Y., have a son serving at the front.

Harold McManus, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McManus, is attached to Battery A, New Jersey Artillery.

The only son of Mr. and Mrs. Williams Lipgens is with a New Jersey Signal Corps.

A son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tighe is in the Second Battery, Twenty-Second Regiment.

An only son of Mrs. Brimble, of Chicago, is serving in a regiment of the Illinois National Guard.

A son of Mr. George Nibler is a gunner in the First Artillery of the National Guard of N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Erwin, of Marvell, Ark., have two sons, Curtis and Hugh B., in the Arkansas National Guard.

Mr. and Mrs. James F. Donnelly, of Brooklyn, have a son, James F., Jr., in the "silk stocking regiment," the 23d of Brooklyn.

George Grimm, whose parents are deaf, is with a regiment of Columbus, Ohio.

Harry Kircher, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kircher, is serving in the 14th Regiment, Company B, of Brooklyn.

It may be that there will be no war, but these boys, sons of parents whose deafness prevents military service, have gone to the torrid desert along the Rio Grande, ready and eager to serve their country and at the present time are undergoing hardships that only their youth and toughened sinews enable them to withstand. Let us hope that they will soon be back at their own firesides and engaged in the peaceful avocations which the menace of war so rudely interrupted.

After Reading the Summer Resort Ads.

I'd like to go to Busher's Falls, whose most alluring ads
Are gay with damsels in canoes and tennis-flanneled lads.
But if I go to Busher's Falls to spend my entire week
I'll find it is impossible to visit Hickory Creek.

And ah! the ads of Hickory Creek are filled with lovely views
Of bevies of attractive girls with seven sorts of shoes.
But if I go to Hickory Creek I'll have to stay away
From all the varied outdoor life they have at Porgie Bay.

You've seen the ads of Porgie Bay, alive with swarms of beauts
Disporting on the surf-trimmed beach in one-piece bathing suits.
But if I go to Porgie Bay I'll miss the rural charm
And calm bucolic restfulness of Old Alfalfa Farm.

And there, as all the ads attest, the girls wear daisy chains
And sing at twilight as they stroll along the lovers' lanes.
But if to Old Alfalfa Farm I go I will regret
That I did not pick out some place that I'd like better yet.

And so, as I've just seven days, I think that I'll not roam,
But I'll watch the cops and the white wings and the jitneys here at home.

—*Anonymous.*

Indian Sign Language.

A white man who visits a foreign nation finds it hard, and sometimes impossible, to make his most ordinary wants known. The Indian has no such difficulty; the problem of a universal language was solved centuries ago by the savage inhabitants of this western world.

Should an Indian from northern Alaska go to Patagonia, he could by means of this universal language converse with his southern brethren almost as easily as he could with his neighbors at home. That could also be the case if he visited Central America or met the tribesmen of our own western prairies and mountains.

When this language was invented no one knows, but every Indian learns it in addition to his own. Recently two chiefs of different tribes met in the Geographical Society rooms in Washington and held a conversation that lasted nearly three hours, and yet neither knew a word of the other's language.

This universal language is, of course, made up of signs. For example, if an Indian is passing through a strange country and sees other Indians at a distance, he makes the "peace sign," that is, he holds up his blanket by two corners, so that it covers his whole finger. The same thought is expressed by extending the hands, palms outward, slightly inclined from the face. Any Indian would understand either one of these signs.

Then there are the abstract signs by which these "savages" can express their thoughts with regard to the Great Spirit, heaven, good, evil, life and death, sickness, health, riches and poverty. Life is expressed by drawing an imaginary thread from the mouth, and death by chopping this thread off. Another sign for death is to hold the tips of the fingers of one hand against the palm of the other and let them gradually slip downward, and at last drop beneath the palm.

Most white people think that the Indian word of greeting "How," is merely the abbreviation of the question. "How are you?" But that is not so. The word is really "aou," which means "brother," or "friend." So when he comes up and growls out his seemingly inquisitive "How," he is not asking after your health, but telling you that he is a friend.

Ceylon produces nearly every precious stone known with the exception of diamonds, emeralds, opals and turquoises.

CHICAGO.

News items of interest to the deaf of Chicago and vicinity may be addressed to Edwin M. Hazel, 5317 West 24th Street, Cicero, Ill. Subscriptions will be received and forwarded to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Mr. S. W. Harris, of Jackson, Miss., head-teacher of the School for the Deaf in that city, arrived in Chicago two Sundays ago, for a short enjoyable stay with his old schoolmate, Mr. Rowse, after which he left (Thursday) for his vacation resort, on his way back to his duties in Jackson. Mr. Rowse did his part in making the gentleman's stay in Chicago a memorable one, and it is hoped Mr. Harris will come back again and prolong his visit among us.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sayles, of Sulphur, Okla., stopped off in Chicago to pay respects to friends here, on their way to the latter's parents' home in Racine, Wis., where they will spend all summer's vacation.

Last week was the first time my Chicago notes were not in the JOURNAL, through no fault of the paper. My copy arrived one day late at the New York office, because I attend the big picnic and blowout of our jolly Social Athletic Club a week ago Sunday. Every one present had "the time of his life." I hope I'm forgiven, this time.

Mr. Michael McMahon, of Canton, Ill., on his way to his son and daughter, who reside in New York City, paid his Chicago friends a visit from Tuesday till Friday of last week. He expects to make his home with his children. He is quite an agreeable gentleman, and made many new friends while here, who wish him a pleasant trip and safe arrival in the metropolis with his folks.

Mr. J. Watson and wife, of this "Windy City," spent a most pleasant two-weeks' visit in Lake Forest, Ill., among many friends, returning to their home town on the 3d inst. They brought with them many happy remembrances of their short stay in pretty Lake Forest.

Miss Ida Wellencheck, one of Chicago's handsome little ladies, was the happy bride of the beaming Isadore Newman, in whose honor the brilliant stag party was given at the Bismarck Hotel two weeks ago last Saturday evening. The splendid wedding of these two worthy young folks occurred the next day. It was one of the grand features of the deaf society of Chicago, and many of the elite of the city graced the occasion with their presence. The gifts were many and costly, and the young pair were started off with becoming eclat. The brilliant affair took place in beautiful Hirsch Hall, under the able and impressive direction of Rabbi Copeland. One hundred and twenty-six persons witnessed the ceremony, and after hearty congratulations the joyful throng were treated to a sumptuous wedding feast. When the beaming, happy bride's bouquet was cast among the "hopeful aspirants for early matrimonial felicity," it was dexterously seized and proudly held aloft by "blushing" John Sullivan. Of course, according to tradition, John's destined to be "it" next. The handsome young bride and groom are now enjoying their honeymoon through the sylvan scenes of America.

Here's to George Irvine and his pretty bride, Miss Gertie Bronfield, who became Mrs. Gertie Irvine the 14th of June last. The splendid young couple were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Mr. Hasenstab, at his church, the Methodist Episcopal, Washington and Clark streets. Many offerings of love and best wishes were showered upon the wedded ones, to which I add my very best hopes for a long and lucky life of wedded bliss.

Hurrah for Herman Janetzky and his charming wife! On June the 13th, she presented him with the third "bouncing baby." They live in Riverside, a beautiful thriving suburb of Chicago, and constitute a happy and interesting family. Herman has been a faithful and trusted employe of the Western Electric Company for fourteen years, where he is still employed, among an army of friends, who wish the newcomer and the entire Janetzky family long and prosperous lives.

The members of the Epworth League enjoyed a delightful outing, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Weller, all day July the 4th. As host and hostess, the kindly Wellers are voted by the League "par excellence."

Miss Sarah B. Streby, who was in Chicago for a two weeks' visit with Mrs. Purdum, is now in Washington, D. C. A card from her states she is "blistered" from a two-mile hike she took on the Fourth with the college "brow highs" and students who are summering at Galladuet. It is hoped she will have a jolly, healthful vacation.

Mrs. Casey, of the Iowa school, after two weeks of recreation in Indianapolis, returned to Chicago and spent two days and nights with Miss Streby, and then took boat to South Haven to visit relatives. When last heard from she stepped off the gang plank safe and sound and fell into the protecting arms of a nephew. Mrs. Casey, many may know, is related to Doc. Wiley, though she is not a "food faddist" by any means.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bente, with their baby, spent a pleasant three-days visit with friends in Chicago last week, returning home to Kenosha, Wis., Sunday, ready for his work Monday morning. He is employed in the Jeffery Automobile factory, doing nicely.

Mr. Nels. Olson, late of Minnesota, is now a citizen of this good old town. He was only here two weeks when he secured a good situation, and has settled down permanently. He is heartily welcomed among his deaf brothers in Chi.

Mr. Burd McVay, of Cascade, Iowa, put in a dandy week of enjoyment with Chicago friends, returning to his Iowa home last week. Burd is a popular fellow, and a good and busy painter and decorator. He will always be welcomed in Chicago.

Mr. Mellville J. Matheis, secretary to Mr. Hyman Bernstein, the inventor, of Salt Lake City, Utah, accompanied by that gentleman, stopped off in Chicago to greet friends on their way to New York City. They were on a three weeks' vacation pleasure trip, and were sure having a jolly time, according to Mellville. After visiting many principal cities, they will return via St. Louis, Mo. I didn't ask how many wives they had in the big Mormon city by the briny lake.

From a letter received from him, I learn that my old Columbus schoolmate, David C. Williams, is living in Akron, O. He commissions me to chaperone him through the "pleasure labyrinths in Chicago known to the initiated deaf," when he comes here on his vacation during Labor Day week. I'll assume the responsibility of showing Bro. Williams a bully time during his stay, and send him back to the "Rubber Town" in Ohio with pleasant remembrances of the "Windy City."

Mr. Emil Rosenfield, of Milwaukee, after visiting friends in Detroit, stopped in Chicago to spend a few happy days with the boys before returning home. There's nothing to it, compared to Chicago, for having a "life-renewing, jolly vacation time." If you don't believe it, ask Emil.

Mr. Miller and Henry Stumpe, of St. Louis, Mo., were guests of the former's brother in Chicago for a week, and they were royally entertained by him and their many friends here. They left for home feeling fine, and will long remember Chicago's splendid hospitality.

Miss Ethel Wickham, of Kansas City, Mo., after spending a merry visit of a week with Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, returned home last week, looking even more pretty and healthy for her enthusing visit with her friends. Miss Wickham is a teacher in the Oklahoma School for Deaf, and her visit here has surely fortified her for her confining duties during the approaching school session.

Winsome Miss Wallace, of Arkansas, is visiting in Chicago, and will remain quite a while, to the delight of many new and old friends here. When her visit shall have ended, she will return home and prepare herself for her re-entrance to Gallaudet College, as a Sophomore, next Fall. The best wishes of the deaf of Chicago are with her, and I hope to be able to chronicle her brilliant graduation later.

Miss Fitzgerald, a painstaking, popular teacher of the Wisconsin School for the Deaf, has been spending several happy vacation weeks in Chicago, and has added many admiring friends to her already long list of well wishers. Chicago, we hope, will remain a good town in her memory.

Sh—. Don't give this away! My esteemed friend, Francis P. Gibson, Editor of *Frat*, is a splendid tennis player, though not a regular one. It has been about two years since he has graced the court of the South Side Tennis Club with his presence. In the meantime, there have been erected backstop nets each side, to prevent the balls from getting out of bounds. The nets are the innocent cause of this story. Brother Gibson was out the other day and consented to handle a racquet with the boys. In the course of the game a ball was sent flying over his head. He determined to stop that ball in its mad flight. So, running full speed to the rear, he was almost within striking distance of the ball when, zim! he struck the back net and, presto! it looked as if Bro. Gibson was trying to kick the ball! But he's game. Once was enough. He smilingly arose and took his position again, but he didn't butt the net again, only ran along parallel with it, when in its vicinity. He is quite an athlete.

This summer's premier picnic has "came and went." It was given at the National Grove Park, about ten miles west of Chicago, by and for the benefit of our greatest, youngest, strongest and largest—the Silent Athletic Club. It was a magnificent success from every viewpoint, and will certainly be the cause of many new applications for membership. All present were delighted with the manner it was conducted and the splendid treatment they received. I may give the program and net profit to the club next week. It will be interesting reading.

The lawn party last week, managed by Miss Barcus, at Garfield Park, was a most enjoyable affair, and the twenty or more happy folks present all proclaim the little manager a success. The games she arranged were finely enjoyable and the refreshments served were just right for the occasion. All went home happy, thanking Miss Barcus for the great pleasure afforded.

Mrs. Robert Davis, whose husband is a teacher in the Texas School for the deaf, at Austin, who has been visiting in Chicago, left for Austin last Thursday to join her husband. "They are moving into their new bungalow near the school, and, of course, her presence was necessary to tastily arrange the furnishings for the six cosy rooms the bungalow contains," my informant says.

Mr. O'Brien, wife and children, of this city, have gone for an all-summer's visit to Madison, Wis. The trip was made in his brother's new, big automobile, who kindly rode them first to Michigan for a few days' visit, and then to Madison. It is hoped they will thoroughly enjoy their visit and come safely back home to Chicago much refreshed, physically and otherwise.

Mr. Perlmutter recently paid his mother a visit in St. Louis. He attended the Frat picnic there, and says he had a splendid time. The trip was an enjoyable one, and he says everything looked cheery.

Messrs. Sullivan, Novotny, Leiter, Mayer, Block and Gibson, took a jolly ride down the raging Chicago River in a naphtha launch to Rockford, on business looking to the institution of a new division at that place.

Mr. E. Craig is back home in Chicago, after spending a week with his family in Toronto, O., where he took them to spend a happy and extended visit among their kinsfolk and friends. He thinks the Ohio reunion will be the largest one ever held so far in its history, and will be grandly entertained by Ohioans during the session in Columbus.

Mr. Henry Finke, of Iowa, who has been working at the Goodyear Tire Co.'s, in Akron, O., is now visiting in Chicago and expects to stay all summer, making new friends and enjoying himself generally. He is in the right city for both purposes—making new friends and also having a good time.

The Grumbler.

A traveller says, "I think I can truly say, and I have met them all over the world, that I have never known an English soldier to object to or complain of his fate. If he feels rebellious, he keeps it to himself."

This certainly is a magnificent tribute to the British army; but how many other people there are who are lacking in grit or in grace to measure up to that standard. Have we to-day any more numerous class than the grumblers? It is true there are cheery people who tell you they have nothing to complain of, but their phraseology seems to imply that they would be quite willing to complain if they had any kind of a fair chance. Many persons live a great deal nearer to the swamp lands of complaint than the city of thanksgiving. And many seem to have permanently pitched their tents in the damps and shadows.

When we think of what British soldiers have endured in the heat of the tropics, amid the snows of the north suffering in trenches and hospitals, starving in beleaguered garrisons, shut up in filthy prisons and facing inevitable death, sustained by sturdy and unflinching heroism, which closed their mouths against grumbling and their hearts against despair, we may well feel ashamed of ourselves uttering our bitter complaints about the minor inconveniences of life. The soldier calculates to win in spite of difficulties and deliberately shuts his eyes to discouragements; but how many people seem to welcome an excuse to rid themselves of a difficult task. The worker in the church, the man in business, the woman in the school, who is continually grumbling, is probably accomplishing little, or at all events making many others miserable.—*Onward.*

St. Andrew's Silent Mission.

Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston.

Rev. G. H. Heffion, Priest-in-Charge.
Edwin W. Frisbee and Albert S. Tufts, Lay-Readers.

JULY

Services will be held at the Chapel of Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston, every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Heffion will visit Boston and Revere Beach from July 22d to 30th. The fifth Sunday, July 30th, the service will be at the chapel room of the Mother's Rest Cottage, at Oak Island Station, Revere Beach, at 11 A.M.

NOTE—Services will be omitted during August.

Mr. Edwin W. Frisbee, *Lay-Missionary*,
89 Playstead Road, West Medford, Mass.

FANWOOD.

The printery has been completely refloored and looks quite classy. A coat of preservative varnish has been added, followed by a liberal sprinkling of saw-dust, which will be allowed to remain for a week.

A six-foot kite was recently constructed by Harry Newman and Conrad Ulmer. Its existence was short, for in sending it up during a high wind the cross stick snapped, and like a wounded bird the great kite careened to earth. A ten-footer, the work of Elmer Willets, is under process of construction. It is a great brown affair, strong and symmetrical to the fraction of an inch.

The pushing, hauling and shoving back into place of the Printery furniture left its mark on all. It was an experience we are not likely to forget.

It appears Harry Newman aspires to the position of financial economizer to Editor Hodgson. The other day he was sent to get a chicken sandwich and was given fifteen cents for its purchase. At the lunch counter he gave his order, but on noting the size of the sandwich he walked out. After making a round of the lunch counters in the vicinity of the School, he returned empty handed. When asked why he didn't get what he was sent for, he replied that fifteen cents was too much to pay for such small sandwiches as were offered. We guess he expected a couple slabs of bread with a whole chicken between. Uptown is not downtown, and the Heights are far from Canal Street.

James H. Quinn, a former Fanwoodite and honor graduate, who went to Minnesota to teach Military Drill at the Institution at Faribault, is spending the summer vacation at Lake Darling, Alexandria, Minn.

The first trial of the ten-foot kite was a success. It was made at 7 o'clock, Friday evening, while the wind was blowing from the south-west. For an hour it sailed the heavens, and then, as darkness came, it was hauled in. The pressure was so tremendous, the string snapped at the third turn of the windlass, and the big brown kite sailed off to the north-east and dropped inside the fence that encloses the tract of land intended as the site of the new Presbyterian Hospital. Quick work by Harry Barnes and Elmer Willetts rescued the runaway, which was borne home with a wide-eyed and admiring throng of kids in its wake. A new supply of stout cord has replaced the thin kind heretofore used, and this, though pretty long, is as yet unsatisfactory.

Probably the heat had something to do with this: Sunday evening, the Battalion, or the remnants of the Battalion remaining around here, gave an unofficial "undress" parade and review, ending with the Butts' Rifle Drill and prize awarding for inferiority in the school of the soldier. The Aerial Corps returned from a scouting expedition at the close of the drill, and immediately took the command from the Grand Commander, H. Aldred Barnes, who then become reviewing officer. At a command from the Aerial Corps Commander, J. Nicholas Funk, the Battalion charged the Grand Commander, who fled and led them at a terrific gait across the playground and around the Academic Building. Half way around the G. C. slew the A. C. C., but was in turn run through by Private Willetts, who had jumped the fence and waylaid the fleeing G. C.

The entire equipment of the Aerial Corps consists of four medium-size kites and one big one.

A hotly contested game of "cat" took place Sunday morning. The game dragged through two entire hours of play, as every stage was shot full of disputes on decisions. Over a score of spectators voluntarily aided in making matters worse by giving decisions on plays, half in favor of one side and the other half going to the opposing players. At the end of the nine innings the score stood 16–15. Another game took place in the afternoon, but was called off when one side had scored 34 runs to their opponents' 11.

Prof. William G. Jones is at his bungalow at Point o' Woods, Long Island. He now owns a motor boat, so is a sailorman as well as a landlubber.

Dr. Thomas F. Fox is now at Caldwell, N. J. His eyes are improving rapidly under the daily dressing by a specialist.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, *Pastor*, 949 W. Franklin Street.
Rev. J. A. Branflick *Assistant*, 1002 W. Franklin Street.

Services at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 3:30 P.M. Sunday School at 2:30 P.M. Week day meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf in the Southern States, Illinois and Indiana.

J. W. MICHAELS, MINISTER IN CHARGE.

Services for the Deaf of all Denominations. Will answer all calls.
Address all mail to
BOX 96, FORT SMITH, ARK

A British Hero.

Private George Wilson is one of those creatures who seem to have stepped straight from the age of sagas into this age of magazine rifles and howitzers, to find that the human qualities of courage have not changed very much after all.

In a wood near Verneuil there was posted a German machine gun, and because it was so well screened the machine gun was a menace and a nuisance. The Highland Light Infantry, moving forward in the attack of the 5th Brigade, found it more than a menace and a nuisance. They were losing a number of good men because of it, and they felt that it should be silenced. Private Wilson, not a man strikingly heroic to the eye, felt this concrete fact even more than his comrades. Not only did he think the mitrailleuse should be put out of action, he thought he should be the man to effect this ideal. He mentioned the fact to his officer.

The officer said "No" with a certain amount of promptness, and the machine gun continued its steady industry of slaughtering Highland Light Infantrymen. It also continued to anger Private Wilson until, at last, his emotion reached that point when it overruled the axioms of discipline, and he determined in spite of his officer to go out and silence the tormenter.

He went out. Another man jumped forward with him, a man of the Middlesex Regiment, and in the face of a tremendous fusilade the two charged the gun. They rushed forward for many yards, though every yard should have meant death. The Germans loosed excitedly at them to pull them up, but for moments they were untouched. Then, suddenly, the throng of bullets caught the Middlesex man and down in a heap he went.

Private Wilson, however, did not go down. He survived amazingly in the face of the frantic firing. The luck of heroes was with him and he was not touched. Bullets spat and hissed all about him but he went running on. The Germans, unable to touch him with their rifles, swung the machine gun on him. They intended to blow him out of existence with the spouting jet of its many bullets.

Private Wilson was too sharp for them. As a gunner jumped to the firing levers of the maxim, the Britisher's rifle went up and jumped off, and the gunner collapsed against the tripod of the gun. Another German sprang to the firing seat, kicking aside his comrade; he died before he could sit down. There was another man in his place immediately—and another man dead immediately. In this mad and magnificent charge Wilson could do no wrong. Every time a man leapt to the gun the infantryman's rifle spoke, and that man died. Wilson in this breathless moment shot the entire crew of six.

He rushed in to capture the gun, and as he did so the German officer who commanded the detachment came to his feet. Wilson had wounded him already, but not enough to make him helpless. The German rose pluckily, and his revolver jerked off in his hand at once. It was Wilson's day of days, however, for the revolver missed, and Wilson finished his man with the bayonet.

With this act he had accomplished his end; the quick firer was silenced.

That, however, was not quite enough for the Light Infantryman. The gun was still useable, and he saw no reason why it should not be used. There was a mass of Germans not a hundred yards away, and the Britisher determined they should have a sample of their own gun's fire. They did. Working calmly at the firing levers, in a penumbra of shrapnel bursts, Private George Wilson put 750 rounds of ammunition into the Teutonic mass, and the mass broke. They went down right and left as the bullets bit into them, and as they had enough they fled.

When all this was done, Wilson picked up the quick-firer and carried it back as a peace-offering to the officer who had forbidden him to capture it. He then fainted, but not for long.—*W. D. Newton in "The Undying Story."*

Long Ago.

I once knew all the birds that came
And nested in our orchard trees.
For every flower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees:
I knew what thrived in yonder glen
What plants would sooth a stone-bruised toe—
Oh, I was very learned then,
For that was very long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot,
Only to learn this solemn truth;
I have forgotten, am forgot,
Yet, here's this youngster at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know:
To think I once was as wise as he—
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
Of whatsoe'er the fates decree,
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,
I tell you what my wish would be;
I'd wish to be a boy again,
Back with the friends I used to know;
For I was, oh, so happy then—
But that was so very long ago.

—*Eugene Field.*

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

CLEMENT R. THOMSON.

It is over a quarter of a century since the New York deaf have seen or associated with Clement R. Thomson. They will see him no more. He died, at Joliet, Ill., on Monday, July 17th, after a short illness, at the age of sixty-seven years. Interment was at Joliet, Ill.

Clement R. Thomson was born in affluence, and throughout all his life had plenty of money for both the necessities and luxuries inherent to modern life.

He became deaf from scarlet fever, at the age of twelve years, and entered the New York Institution as a pupil on the 18th of April, 1861. He graduated in 1868.

Mr. Thomson was an exceptionally intelligent man, but a partial paralysis of both legs at the knee made walking so difficult that most of his time was spent in a reclining chair. This made his association with the deaf very limited. During the eighties, however, he became very active in the affairs of the deaf. He joined the Gallaudet Club, was elected to office, and served with great zeal. During the same period, he worked hard and successfully for the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes and the Home which it fosters. He was a trustee in those trying days of scant financial resources, when Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, with sublime patience and untiring devotion, labored to obtain funds to support the aged and infirm at the Home which his philanthrophy had established. Mr. Thomson raised several hundred dollars through what is known is "the brick-book plan." He also loaned $500 of his own money to tide over the lean months and went up to the Home to oversee its expenditure. There he met his fate, in the person of the comely matron. They were united in marriage, and since his wedding day only about three of his many friends ever heard of him again. He corresponded with the late Thomas Godfrey, and with his classmate in old days at Fanwood, Moses Heyman, who passed into eternal life only two months ago, and with Frank B. Thompson of this city, his lifelong friend.

Mr. Thomson wielded a graceful and forceful pen, and had quite a keen sense of the humorous. He contributed to the columns of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, nearly if not quite thirty years ago, a series of letters on schooldays at Fanwood that were very entertaining both to the boys of his schooldays and to the general reader.

Mr. Alex L. Pach received the following letter from Sergeant Geo. I. Lounsbury of the 71st N. Y. Infantry, now at McAllen, Texas, It will interest many who have known George since he was a baby. They will note, too, that George writes the same newsy English that was characteristic of his father, the late Theo. I. Lounsbury :

McAllen, Texas July 11 19 6.

I received the picture that you sent me, clipped from the New York *Tribune*. It surely was very thoughtful of you. Yes it is me, it being taken a few minutes after we arrived in this "Desert" of a town.

Most of the boys are now acclimated by this time, and we have gotten so as we like it now. We are taking things easy now, drilling and hiking, but I have assurance from very good authority that the Battalion I am connected with, will move for the border within a week or two. Of course, the boys are tickled to death with these prospects, as, we are all on our toes and over anxious to move.

The First Sergeant was unexpectedly called home and I have been Acting First Sergeant since we reached this place. Believe me this job keeps one on the go from Reveille till Taps.

We experienced one of these wonderfully exciting Gulf Storms last night and it was by rare good chance that we found our tents still standing this morning. They were almost blown away. However, the tents were thoroughly inundated, and we were unexpectedly treated to an unceremonious bath, and the rain flowed in, on the small and tall alike (Twisted Proverbs). Still, withal, it was wet, and you may have my positive assurance that anything moist, no matter how slightly so, is as welcome as a high George Ehret's after a "Frat" meeting in the middle of July.

Now, my good friend Mr. Pach, I wonder if it would be asking too much of you to forward a copy of the DEAF-MUTE JOURNAL to me occasionally. If not too much trouble, I surely would appreciate it, as it will be my only means of keeping in touch with my many Deaf friends up North.

Again thanking you for your kindness, and with kindest regards to yourself, and all my other friends in the North, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
G. I. LOUNSBURY.

Acting 1st Sergeant.
Co., K. 71st Inf'y.,
N. G. N. Y. In the Field.

Training and education are necessary elements in the proper conduct of any enterprise, no matter how simple. Any one attempting anything without them sometimes acquires experience which an education would have staved off. Christian E. Vernon went to see the military routine work at Van Courtlandt Park. It interested him very much to watch the cook's detail as they digged a hole in the ground and put the iron grating over and then started the fire, boil the coffee and warm over the hash. The operation all seemed so simple, no education seemed necessary, especially if one used brains, so it seemed to him.

Saturday night Christian was out late, and so Sunday morning he got up late and found his mother had gone out to church. He toasted himself some toast, and looking around for a place to keep it warm, he opened the kettle cover and put the toast across the opening of the kettle. After doing a few other tasks on the table, Christian looked around and was surprised to find the toast had mysteriously disappeared. He looked around the room, then into the steaming opening of the kettle. The toast had sogged and sunk. Christian having been brought up in the old school of life, in which one is taught never to waste any foods, to eat up the last morsel, bethought himself of using that most blessed "Staff of Life."

It so happened they were going to have a roast chicken dinner, so Chris, remembering how simple it was to cook the hash out in Van Cortlandt Park which the soldiers seemed to relish, thought he would use the soaked toast as a stuffing basis for the bird. He put the toast in a wooden basin. Looking in the ice box, he found 2 boiled potatoes, 1 egg, butter, fried liver ; in cupboard he found and threw in thyme, baking powder, pepper and salt. Hashing up the while slam-bang, he stuffed it in the cleaned inside and under the skin of the chick. Finding from a cook-book that 15 minutes a pound was the proper thing, he put it in the oven. After the first 15 mimutes for the first pound had passed, he took a look-in. The hen seemed to have acquired the size of a duck. The 30 minute opening showed something the size of a goose. On the 45 minute schedule, the bird seemed to be trying to push out the sides of the oven. Right on the hour an ostrich was expected ; but no, there was no bird, all the parts of what formerly was the mother of an egg, was beautifully dismembered and strewn all over the oven, all pieces well cooked and tasted fine, including the stuffing. An educated cook would tell how much baking powder ought to be kept out when an egg is used in the composition. It was a beautifully and painlessly dissected chick, saving the labor of splashing and cutting up.

Mr. Alex. L. Pach writes as follows :—

In this week's JOURNAL one of your news gatherers makes the statement that the members of Brooklyn Division No. 23, N. F. S. D. entertained President Anderson at the Liberty Theatre as a result of my courtesy. I do not own the Liberty Theatre nor the attraction that was there, which was Dr. Dixon's, "The Fall of a Nation." So the fact that the members had a big block of seats that evening was not due to any courtesy on my part whatever. All the credit should go to our friend, Dr. Thomas Dixon, who has a very warm spot in his heart for his deaf friends. Except that the evening there was made possible through my thoughtfulness, no other credit is due me, and I am writing to say that all the thanks is due to Dr. Dixon.

On Sunday, a fishing party was made up of the following : Mr. Chas. J. Le Clercq, the champion fisherman, Jacques Alexander, Mr. Lefi, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Grutzmacher, Mr. Bryan, and Mr. John Majcherzyk, had a very exciting experience, while out fishing for bass off Long Branch. One of the party, John Majcherzyk, hooked a young shark. He had a tussle with the shark, assisted by the other fishermen, and they finally killed him with a knife.

Fesche Pepi ! Mrs Pepi Schwarz, eine im Taubstummenkreise bekannte Erscheinung, eine Ungarin, weilt in Jewett City, Conn., mit ihren Eltern zur Sommerfrische. Ihr Mann, ebenfalls ein Ungar und taubstumm, ein Schneider, muss hier bleiben und fleissig mit dem Stechen der Nadel arbeiten. M. Schoenfeld wuenscht der schoenen Ungarin eine vergnuegte Zeit und ein frohes Wiedersehen bei dem ,,Alten''.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew William Caswell announce the arrival of a new baby daughter, on the sixth of July. Her name is Charlotte Morris Caswell. Mrs. Caswell is a sister of Keith Walt Morris. The latter expects to leave for Winchester, Virginia, and other places, about the middle of August, for a trip of three weeks.

Last Sunday Francis W. Nuboer went down to Coney Island, and incidentally wandered into the Kaiser Garten. As this is the open season for gedampfte rinderbust en caserole mit vegetables and other fixings, he grasped the opportunity to regale the inner man therewith, and says it beats der welt.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. Michael Auerbach, of 664 Flushing Avenue, Brooklyn, a boy weighing nine pounds, Wednesday evening, July 19th, at 6:30 o'clock. Both mother and baby are doing well. Besides the newly arrived, they have two other children, a boy aged 4½, and a girl two years old.

Last week Charles Wiemuth was located in Washington, D. C., on a vacation trip. He did not stay there long, as on Thursday, the 20th, he was visiting the State Capitol in Albany, and a day or two later was sampling the springs at Saratoga Spa. His latest post card is from Brandon, Vt.

Harry Kircher only son of Henry Kircher is now in Brownsville, Tex., 14 Regiment, Company B, Brooklyn. Mr. Henry Kircher, who is sixty-four years old, is still working at the Norwich Line (40) Pier, where he has been employed over forty-five years.

Miss Belle Carpenter, of Jersey City, is visiting her aunt and other relatives at Port Ewen, N. Y. Her friend, Miss Violet Pearce, accompanied her and will stay there for a week.

Louis Kerner made a trip to Kiamesha Lake, N. Y., last week, and says that in a couple of weeks he will visit the White Lake region.

Herman Cammann is having a fine time at Greenwood Lake.

Allentown, Pa.

Ha ! ha ! for the coming picnic at Central Park, August 12th. Don't forget the date and place. It will be a benefit picnic for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf of Pennsylvania, and the degree of success of this year depends entirely upon the interest and effort manifested by every one present. Your attendance will be a big factor and your smiles will be required. Leave cares and sorrows at home. They will take care of themselves. Just get ready and come to the picnic. There will be some sports and prizes will be given to the winners. Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, Superintendent of the Mt. Airy Institution, will be with us for the first time, and the Revs. O. J. Whildin and F. C. Smielau will also be here. Rev. Mr. Whildin will hold services in the Church of the Mediator the following Sunday.

About a dozen deaf-mutes from Allentown were at the Reading picnic, and reported having a very good time there. O. K.

July 21, 1916.

Baptist Minister to the Deaf

Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio.

REV. E. CLAYTON WYAND, M.A.
Ordained Minister.

SERVICES OPEN TO AND FOR ALL.

The minister makes a specialty of Reading and Lectures for Social organizations. Assembly rooms furnished free anywhere inabove States.
Address : Keedyville, Md.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday 9 a.m. and 3 p.m.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, 3 p.m.

Ephpheta Mission for the Deaf.

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House
523 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.

Rev. Clarence E. Webb,
Missionary-in-charge.
Mr. Thomas Marsden, *Lay-Reader.*

SERVICES :

Evening Prayer and Sermon every Sunday, 3.00 P.M.
Holy Communion and Sermon last Sunday in each month, 11 A.M.
Bible Class every Sunday, 2 P.M.
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.

ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

Rev. B. R. Allabough's Appointments.

(11825 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.)

JULY

30—Grand Rapids, 10 A.M. (Holy Communion.)
Kalamazoo, 2 P.M.
Jackson, 7:30 P.M.

LAY READERS.

30—Canton, 2:30 P.M., by Mr. Durian.

AUGUST

6—Cleveland, 10:45 A.M. (Holy Communion) and 3:00 P.M.
Akron, 7:30 P.M.
7—Canton, 7:30 P.M.
11—Lima, 7:45 P.M.
12—Muncie, 7:30 P.M.
13—Indianapolis, 10:45 A.M. (Holy Communion) and 2:45 P.M.
Terre Haute, 7:45 P.M.
14—Richmond, 7:45 P.M.
18—Fostoria, O., 7:30 P.M.
19—Toledo, 7:30 P.M.
20—Detroit, 10:30 A.M. (Holy Communion) and 3:00 P.M.
Ypsilanti, 7:00 P.M
23—New York City (Conference).
24—25—Mt. Airy Philadelphia (P. S. A. D. Convention).
26—Norristown.
27—All Souls' Church, Phila., 10:30 A.M.
28—29—Reading, Pa.
30—Mansfield, 7:30 P.M.
31—Sept. 1—2—3—Columbus (Reunion).

Diocese of Maryland.

REV. O. J. WHILDIN, *General Missionary.*
2018 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.
Other Places by Appointment.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

July 22, 1916.—Having enjoyed the day with the deaf of Cleveland, Akron and Toledo, or rather the C. A. T. picnic at Ruggles Grove, William Rich late in the evening started for his home near Alliance. Reaching the latter place, he got off and started for his home about a mile east of the city. It is probable that while crossing the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Summit Street he was struck by a north bound freight train, for when the train reached the depot at 1:30 A.M., an officer found on the blood-covered pilot of the engine a man, who later was identified to be William Rich. The man was placed in an ambulance. An examination showed that his neck was broken, left leg fractured, and he was also sufferiug from a fracture of the skull. Death put an end to his suffering at 8:17 Monday morning.

It is not believed that he was walking on the railroad track to shorten his way home, as he had never been known to risk his life by doing so, moreover his hat and a few personal articles were found at the Summit Street Crossing, thus showing the accident must have happened while he was crossing the road there. His sister, Mrs. Charles Buchter, with whom he made his home, says he always feared to walk on the railroad tracks because of his deafness.

The remains were taken to his sister, Mrs. Emma Xoder's home, 2307 South Market Street, Canton, O., where friends viewed them, and the burial was Wednesday noon in Canton Cemetery. The pall bearers were Messrs. Howard Durian, A. A. Monnin, Jos. T. Bailie, Stephen Hester, Robert Drake and LeRoy Brown. Rev. Roy Remington, of Trinity Church, Alliance, conducted the services, assisted by Mr. W. F. Durian.

The deceased graduated from the school here about five years ago, and while a pupil he was ambitious to learn, his conduct always exemplary and his disposition quiet and kindly. After leaving school, Mr. Rich secured employment in the French China Company, at Sebring, as a gilder, and was considered as an expert in the business. He was born in Canton, O , thirty years ago, and is survived by his mother and five sisters.

The following appeared in the *Evening Dispatch* of the 17th.

AKRON, O., July 17.—A club in which good fellowship will be promoted by the sign language is to be formed among thirty or forty deaf-mute employes of the Goodyear Tire Co. Qualifications for membership will be that the applicant can neither speak nor hear.

A group of deaf-mutes recently approached T. H. Powell, head of the Goodyear housing department, and they told him they wished to form a club and rent a large house for living apartments. The idea appealed to Mr. Powell and the Goodyear officials, and arrangements were made to secure proper quarters.

A fraternity already exists among the deaf-mutes of the Goodyear, as they have baseball and football teams organized.

The graduates of the Indiana School held a reunion last June, though we have not seen any account of it, but from reports we learn that the $10,000 necessary to be raised to secure the farm offered by Mr. Archibald had been secured. Superintendent Johnson, as an impetus, came forward with a donation of $100, and urged the members not to allow the farm to be lost through indifference. As a result members came forward and planked down whatever they could give, and in a short time all that was needed was subscribed. The $10,000 will be used for the erection of buildings on the place, and we hope in a short time the Hoosiers' pet hobby will in reality be a fixed fact. We extend congratulations to our Indiana neighbors upon the accomplishment of their purpose. They have worked hard in raising funds despite of adverse circumstances. It will be a race now between Indiana and Illinois as to which will first open its doors to a home for its unfortunate people, each now having a goodly sum on hand. The chances, however, favor Indiana, as she has already a farm upon which to build the necessary buildings. And when the Home is a fixed fact, the benefactor of it will be Mr. Arson Archibald, for it is he who started the project and through his donation of a fine farm and cash contributions made it possible.

Mr. Heinz, educated in the Illinois School, has been living in Dayton, Ohio, for the past nine years. He is a switchboard repairer for the telephone exchange at Fourth and Jefferson Streets.

Foreman Charles and Joe Schonfeld are still holding forth in the Chronicle office, getting up Part I of Superintendent Jones' lessons in English. They are kept company by Dr. Patterson, who does the proof reading.

Mr. Wm. G. Wheeler, since returning to the city from Kentucky, has secured work at his old place for a while, setting up City Directory names.

Miss Mary C. Bierce has returned to Columbus, from Wisconsin, and is staying with her sister, Mrs. Merriman, on Chittenden Avenue.

Mr. C. W. Charles conducted services at the Home last Sunday. He, with his family and his brother-in-law and wife who were visiting them, went up by auto. The two latter were much surprised at the fine Home the Ohio Deaf are maintaining. In the afternoon, the party went over to Buckeye Lake and found the place a pleasant one. Many improvements having been made and are still being made. Monday morning, Mrs. Charles and two daughters accompanied her brother-in-law and wife to Flint, Michigan, going by auto. They reached there safely Tuesday evening, though delayed several times by punctured tires.

CINNCINNATI.

Arthur Wonner, the Manager of the Silent Athletic Ball Team, wishes to announce that his team will not play any more this summer, because several of its star players had to retire on account of injuries received, and it was impossible to make a full team. The club played the last game with the Orioles, of South Norwalk, July 2d, but lost it by the score of 6 to 10, through costly errors.

Those who attended the Indianapolis (Ind.) reunion, Sunday, June 11th, were : Mr. and Mrs Matthias Buck, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. De Silver, Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Wortman, Miss Lilla Creelman, Misses Anna Barth and Sarah Goldberg, and Messrs. Louis Bachberle, John Bov, Robert Cottner, Abraham Goldberg and Leonard Sporing. All had an enjoyable time.

Harry O'Donnell returned home July 5th, after enjoying his ten days' vacation with a cousin on his farm in Guilford, Ind. While visiting the country, he enjoyed an auto ride every evening. He also visited Mr. Mrs. Walter Beleymer, in Bethel, last Sunday.

A Basket Picnic will be given under the auspices of the Knights of De l'Epee, August 6th, on the farm of Peter Noll (end of Mitchell Car line), at Ft. Mitchell, Ky. Meet us at Fourth Avenue and Vine Street in the morning, nine o'clock, and take the Ft. Mitchell (green) car.

Mrs. Walter Beleymer and her two children are planning to go to Fostoria, O., on August 12th, where she will spend three weeks with her grandfather and relatives.

The Clerc Deaf Club will give its annual picnic, Saturday afternoon and evening, August 19th, at the Zoological Garden. A good crowd is expected. Take the Zoo-Eden or Zoo-Chester or Lockland cars.

Miss Cecelia Veneman was married to Roscie Litichy, of Akron, Thursday morning, June 26th, by a hearing priest, at the home of her father. Joseph Miller was best and Miss Lillian Overwater was bridesmaid. The groom and the bride were the happy recipients of many handsome presents from their relatives and friends. In the evening about thirty-five deaf persons, and a crowd of relatives and hearing people, enjoyed a Dutch lunch, lemonade, soft drinks, etc. The happy couple left for Akron, where they began housekeeping, and where the groom has a good situation with the Goodyear Tire Plant. We wish them all the good luck and happiness in their new home. O.

CANTON.

A son was born, Sunday evening, July 2d, to Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Brown (formerly Miss Minnie Foster). They have named him Homer Lenson, after his grandfather. It is their third child, the two others being a girl and a boy.

The body of William Rich, of Sebring, O., who was struck by a Pennsylvania freight train near Alliance, when returning home from the picnic in Cleveland, and who later died in the Alliance hospital, was brought to Canton. The funeral service was held at the home of his sister, Mrs. Emery Yoder, 2307 Market Street, Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock. Mr. W. F. Durian gave a short sermon. Messrs. W. F. Durian, R. Drake, Leroy Brown, S. Hester, and a hearing man, acted as pall bearers. Burial was made in the family lot in Richville, six miles south of Canton. Mrs. Durian, Mrs. McMurray, Mrs. Weckel, Mrs. Price. Miss M. Miller, and Mrs. Crowley, were motored to the cemetery. The casket was handsome and was covered with many beautiful flowers. He is survived by his mother and five sisters.

The Fourth of July came and marched away. The day was delightful. A large gathering of deaf attended the picnic which was held on the Price and McMurray lawn all day, for the benefit of the Automobile Fund for the Home. A good sum was realized. Various games were played and prizes awarded the winners. All had a good time.

Rev. Allabough conducted a service at 7:30 P.M. at St. Paul's Church, July 3d. Then he and his wife attended the picnic of the deaf on the Fourth of July. On the same evening they visited the McKinley monument.

Mr. Robert Dunlap came back to his old job in Canton and gets good wages. He had been in Alliance for some time.

Miss Clara Weckel, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Weckel, was married to Mr. Earl Garver, July 8th. She has been teaching school for some years.

Mrs. Eli Clement, of Osnaburg, and Mrs. Chas. McGhee, of Kensington, came to Canton to do some shopping, while Mrs. Chas. McGhee went to Massillon on business last month.

Mrs. Eli Clement went to Springfield, Ohio, the first week of July, to spend two weeks with her mother and brother.

Mr. John Schild went to Cleveland July 16th, to attend the N. F. S. D. Picnic. He enjoyed the affair.

C.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Although the excursion to Wildwood, N. J., on Saturday, July 15th, was not as largely attended as was expected, still enough patronized it to bring a profit of something like fifteen dollars, more or less. In all other respects the excursion, which was under the auspices of the Pastoral Aid Society, was as enjoyable as those in former years.

Next Saturday, July 29th, the Frats' excursion to Atlantic City will come off, and a great time is anticipated. One thing we desire to remind the local deaf about, is that this excursion will be by the Philadelphia and Reading route. The last boat leaves Chestnut Street ferry at 7 o'clock sharp, so better be there in good time. Get your ticket in advance, as you will need it for the ferry trip. Everybody will be most welcome to join this excursion.

Mr. Frederic Huntington Dantzer, the younger son of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer, was married to Miss Grace Allen Fowler, on Friday evening, Fourteenth of July. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Mr. Dantzer at the pastoral residence, was attended only by members of the immediate families. The young couple will be at home after September the first, at 3525 North Nineteenth Street. Best wishes to them.

A Hartford friend has favored us with an elegant colored card of an "old hoss car," which might thrill any New Yorker as it did us.

Miss Hannah Reidy is spending the summer with friends and relatives in Bradford County, this State.

Misses Nettie and Mae E. Stemple are spending some time under the parental roof at Stroudsburg, Pa.

The free picnic which was to have been held in Fairmount Park, near the Oxford Street entrance, on the 22d inst., had to be abandoned on account of a drizzling rain all the afternoon. In consequence, another date, Saturday, August 5th, has been set for holding the picnic. Remember the date and tell it to others.

The family of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lipsett, son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Lipsett, was increased by the addition of a daughter on June 22d last. They have another child, who is also a daughter.

Mr. John Q. Hahn is living with a brother at Daylesford, Pa., about eighteen miles from the city. He makes very frequent trips to the city.

Mrs. M. J. Syle has just returned from Scranton, Pa., where she gave a lecture to the deaf, on July 19th. She also conducted the Bible Class there on the previous Sunday. She states that the trip was very interesting to her. Among others, she visited the Koehler family, and found Rev. Koehler at home on his vacation.

The Clerc Literary Association will have an excursion to Riverview Beach, opposite New Castle, Del., on Saturday, August 12th. Boats will leave Arch Street wharf at 8:30 A.M. Tickets are 50 cents each for adults, and 25 cents for children.

The engagement has been anounced of Miss Margaret Haswell Weld Nelson to Percy Waldo Shelley, both of Rome, N. Y. Miss Nelson is the daughter of the late Edward Beverly Nelson, B.A., M.A., who was connected with the education of the deaf for many years ; and for thirty years the honored and beloved principal of the Central New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, at Rome, N. Y. She is the granddaughter of the late Mrs. Cornelia M. Nelson, the first president, for twenty-two years, of the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

In China, a man pays his doctor only while he is well. As soon as he falls sick, the doctor's pay stops.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Wouldn't it be nice if all cities could show the deaf as strongly banded and as well employed as in and around San Francisco, California?

Three deaf Nads get $5 a day in the local Ford plant, and another almost as much with the Pierce-Arrow Agency. Another, Isadore Selig, as shipping clerk with Selig Bros., gets a higher salary than any other deaf man on the coast, $135 per month, report says. Yet another, Monroe Jacobs, from a one-man printing plant, inventorying possibly $800, makes $100 a month profit, having been in business on his own hook for six years.

Then there is a Mt. Airy graduate, Leonardo Maldonado, who, three years ago, started in his father's large importing and exporting firm as office boy. His people had the usual misgivings as to the abilities of the deaf, but when the firm's cashier took a vacation a year ago, young Leonardo, then 23, begged for a trial in the cashier's cage. His father reluctantly consented, and later recured an expert accountant to "audit the young cub's mess." The dubious auditor, after a thorough examination, told the head of the firm his son's work was "simply great," and the delighted parent made him permanent cashier.

Though he handles thousands of dollars each week and bills all exports to Central and South America, he has yet to make a bad mistake. "I consider the exporting business a fine field for the deaf," says young Maldonado, "as they are relieved from personal contact with customers." He is secretary of the San Francisco Frats and a Nad.

D. H. Goodrich has secured eight patents on a low-body auto truck, which local auto agencies consider worth a fortune if rightly handled. Goodrich was for two years a student at the University of California and is a staunch Nad-Frat.

Melvin Davidson, Hal Taber and Gage Hinman are on a hunting and prospecting trip in the interior of California Taber, who bears the reputation of "never having missed a shot at a bear," gets 75 to 100 skunk skins each season, which he sells for around $300. The three hope to locate gold or some other mineral this summer.

Miss Agnes Cox, the $250,000 heiress, having won prizes in local art circles, plans to continue her art studies in New York City this coming fall.

Another beautiful and promising young art student is Miss Irene De Large, who was already spent two and a half years in the (Berkeley) California School of Arts and Crafts. With Tilden and Redmond California silent circles are well represented in fields of art.

Mrs. Alice I. Rice, mother of Delight Rice Weber, principal of the school for the deaf in Manilla, P. I., has crocheted a handsome blue tablecloth purchased in Japan, which she will send to the Columbus, Ohio, Convention in September, to be raffled off for the Home for Aged Deaf there. It can not be duplicated for less than $25 or $30. Mrs. Rice, who is fifty-eight, will never die rich—spending all her spare time and cash to relieve sick and unfortunate deaf in and around Berkeley.

Isadore Selig, the only deaf man at a whist party of four hundred eighty, recently won the gentlemen's prize, a $75 Howard watch.

The local Frats, organized thirteen months ago, have an even fifty members and are hopeful of making it seventy-five by Christmas. They also have over one hundred Nads paid up to 1917. What other city can show as good a record ?

J. W. Howson is down in Los Angeles and San Diego in the interests of the N. A. D. Of this, more in due season.

Leo Williams, the big man of the 1915 convention, has retired from business with $50,000 to $75,000, and is spending the summer in his new summer home on Russian River, one hundred miles away. He recently purchased an "Old Town" mahogany canoe retailing around $200.

A carload of Nads entrained for Sacramento, ninety miles distant, tor a grand rally July 3–4. Governor Johnson welcomed and gave them the Senate chamber to meet in. Addresses of various kinds were made by B. G. Kingsley, J. J. Gabrielli, Isadore Selig, J. W. Howson and Leo C. Williams.

Does not it appear that the strong ties of Nad-Frat brotherhood are conducive to success in business life ? Are the deaf in your city prosperous ? If not, join the N. A. D. and ask President Howard to appoint a Bureau of Ways and Means, which shall outline self-helps and otherwise aid our lot in life.

J. FREDERICK MEAGHER.

NOTICE

TO THE DEAF OF KINGSTON AND VICINITY.

There will be a service in the sign language for the deaf of Kingston on Saturday, July 29th, at 8 P.M., in the Lutheran church on Livingston Street. The deaf of the vicinity are cordially invited.

ARTHUR BOLL.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

PENNSYLVANIA.

THIRTIETH CONVENTION
AND
THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
CELEBRATION
OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY FOR
THE ADVANCEMENT
OF THE DEAF.

MT. AIRY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
AUGUST 24-25-26, 1916.

The Meetings will be held in the Chapel of Wissinoming Hall, Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, beginning Thursday morning, August 24th, at half past nine o'clock.

The Daily Program will be as follows:

Thursday, August 24—Morning Session, at 9:30 A.M.

1. Introductory Address by Mr. James S. Reider, President of the Society.
2. Invocation by Rev. C. O. Dantzer, Pastor of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia.
3. Addresses of Welcome:
 A. R. Montgomery, Esq., Vice-President of the Board of Directors of the Institution.
 Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, Superintendent of the Institution.
 Mr. Harry E. Stevens, Secretary of the Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D.
4. Responses by Mr. James S. Reider, President of the Society.
 Mr. S. S. Haas, of Shamokin, for the visiting Local Branches, P. S. A. D.
5. Reading of minutes of last meeting of the Society.
6. Annual report of the Board of Managers, P. S. A. D.
7. Appointment of Committees on Enrollment and Business.
8. New Business, if any.
9. Announcements.
10. Addresses by members and others.
11. Adjournment.

Thursday morning.

The Committee has plans in view, but cannot give them at present.

Thursday Evening—Public Meeting at Wissinoming Hall at 8 o'clock. (Thirty-fiifth Anniversary Clebration P. S. A. D.) All welcome.

1. Introductory remarks by the President of the Society.
2. Invocation by Rev. F. C. Smielau, Missiotary to the deaf of Central and Western Pennsylvania.
3. Appointment of Committee on Resolutions.
4. An Oration by Rev. Oliver J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md.
5. Annual Address by Mr. James S. Reider, President of the Society.
6. Annual report of the Board of Trustees of the Home for Aged and Infirm at Doylestown.
7. Addresses by members and others.
8. A collection towards the Special Fund to commemorate the thirty-fifth aniversary of the founding of the Society. (This fund is to be applied to the Maintenance, Endowment, or Building Fund of the Doylestown Home.)
 All contribution booklets with the amount of money received thereon, may be handed to the Society's Treasurer, John A. Roach.
9. Announcements.
10. Adjournment.

Friday, August 25—Morning Session, at 9 o'clock.

1. Invocation by Rev O. J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md.
2. Reports of Committees.
3. Unfinished Business.
4. Appointment of Committee on Nominations.
5. Addresses by Delegates from Local Branches, P. S. A. D.
6. New Business.
7. Papers, if any and Discussions. (All papers to be referred to the Committee on Business for approval.)
8. Addresses by members and others.
9. Announcements.
10. Adjournment.

Friday Afternoon and Evening.

A delightful trolley trip to Doylestown and visit to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf. The cost of the round trip is 50 cts. (If Special Cars should be chartered, the rate may be a little higher.)

Further particulars will be made at the Convention.

Saturday, August 26—Morning Session, at 9 o'clock.

1. Invocation by Dr. A. L. E. Crouter.
2. Unfinished Business.
3. Reports of Committees.
4. Election of four Managers in place of J. S. Reider, C. O. Dantzer, Charles Partington and F. C. Smielau.
5. Recess of fifteen minutes (To enable the Board of Managers to elect new officers for the ensuing year.)
6. New Business.
7. Addresses by members and others.
8. Announcements.
9. Closing address by the President of the Society.
10. Adjournment *sine die.*

Saturday Afternoon.

Interest will center in the sports and contests on the grounds of the Institution. A game of base ball will very likely be arranged between Philadelphia and visiting members of the P. S. A. D. Prizes will likely be awarded. Further particulars will be made known at the Convention.

Saturday Evening.

A reception with dance and refreshments at Wissinoming Hall, from 8 P.M. to midnight. Refreshments will be served. Tickets, 50 cents.

ACCOMMODATIONS.

Only members of the P. S. A. D. (and their wives or husbands as the case may be) will be entertained at the Institution at the rate of $1 per day — lodgings and three meals. Breakfast and supper, 25 cents each; Lodging, 25 cents; single dinner, 35 cents.

No laundering.

The Institution will not be responsible for the delivery of baggage. The delivery of all trunks must be attended to by their owners.

Members may arrive at the Institution and have their supper and lodging on Wednesday evening, August 23d.

Members who reside outside of Philadelphia may remain at the Institution until Sunday, Augst 27th, but they must leave after breakfast.

Non-members of the P. S. A. D. must make arrangements to stop at hotels in Mt. Airy, Chestnut Hill, or in the city.

It is earnestly hoped that every person who attends the Convention will make it a point to become a member of the P. S. A. D.

All who expect to attend the Convention, will please notify the Secretary, R. Middleton Ziegler, 205 W. Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, as soon as possible.

For further information, write to the Chairman.

R. MIDDLETON ZIEGLER, *Chairman,*
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Committee on Arrangements.

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Ticket - - - 25 cents

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Baseball game between Brooklyn and Newark Divisions.
Three mile run open to all deaf-mutes.
Half a mile walk open to all deaf-mutes.
One hundred yard run open to Frats only.
100 yards dash open to deaf-mutes.
Fifty yard run (ladies.) Free entries.
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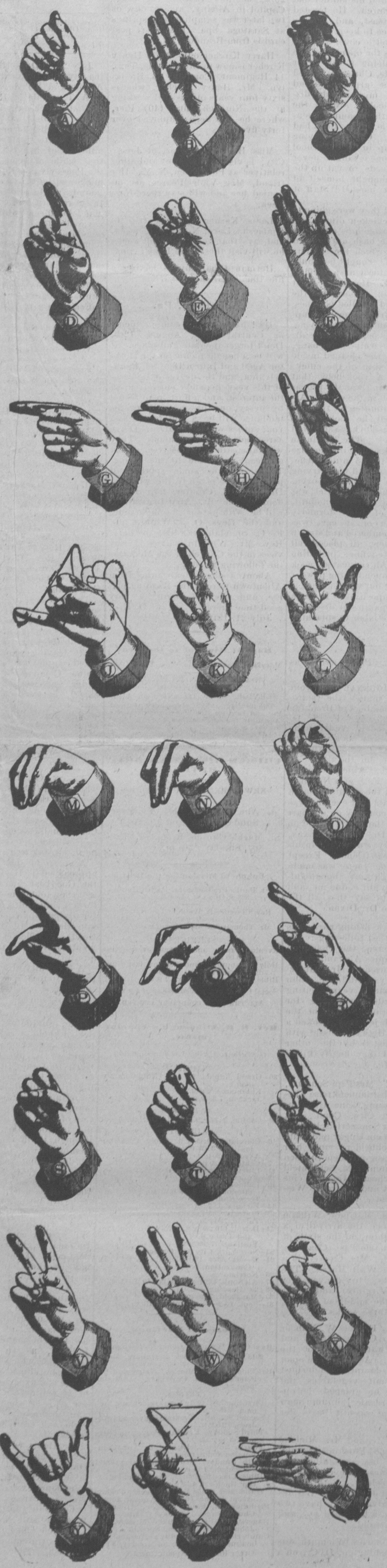
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Directions — Take Broadway "L" via Canarsie from Chambers St., under Municipal Building; or take Hamburg Avenue Trolley car from Williamsburg Bridge.

Watch this space for full particulars of Outing and Field Day of Albany Division, No. 51, N. F. S. D., at Sacanadaga, N. Y., on Labor Day, September 4, 1916.

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OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

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The Lorna Doone Country of Devonshire, England. By Dr. E. M. Gallaudet. It is 1075 feet long and was made in Washington, D. C., in 1910.

Presentation Week at Gallaudet College, showing panorama of Gallaudet College; Presentation Day, and Class Day. Length 460 feet and was made in May, 1911.

Extracts from addresses by Mr. R. P. MacGregor, including: "The Irishman and the Flea" and "The Queen and the Cake." Length 200 feet and was made in Chicago, December, 1912.

Emperor Dom Pedro's visit to Gallaudet College. By Dr. Edward Allen Fay. Length 1,000 feet. Made in Washington, D. C., in June, 1913.

The Universal Brotherhood of Man and Fatherhood of God. A lay-sermon by Mr. R. P. MacGregor. Made in Washington, D. C., in July, 1913. Length 1,000 feet.

Memories of Old Hartford. By Dr. John B. Hotchkiss. Length about 1,100 feet and made in Washington, D. C., in July, 1913.

The Escape of Abbé Sicard. By Dr. James L. Smith. Length 415 feet. Made in Chicago, in July, 1913.

The Preservation of the Sign Language. By George William Veditz. This was taken at the Cleveland Convention of the N.A.D., in August, 1913, and is about 1,000 feet long.

A Memorial Address at the tomb of Garfield. By Mr. Willis Hubbard. This film shows a good view of the tomb with several hundred delgates to the Cleveland Convention in the foreground. Length about 800 feet. Made in August, 1912.

The Death of Minnehaha. By Mrs. Mary Williamson Erd. Introduction by Mr. Jay C. Howard. Length 1,050 feet. This film was made during the Cleveland Convention. The photographing was done on the estate of Mr. John D. Rockefeller by special permission of Mr. Rockefeller.

A Plea for a Statue of De l'Epee in America. By Rev. Mr. Cloud and Father McCarthy. This film was also made in Cleveland during the N. A. D. convention. 400 feet long.

Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, at Staunton, Va., July, 1914. This film shows a group picture of the delegates, also thirty-three superintendents of State schools for the Deaf, taken in small groups. It is about 400 feet long and very interesting.

Signs and Signs. By Dr. J. S. Long. Length 400 feet. This film was made in Washington D. C., in July, 1914.

The Lord's Prayer. By Rev. Mr. Flick. Length about 60 feet. Made in Chicago.

Other films are being planned. Suggestions concerning whom to select as lecturers, and any suggestions pertaining to the management of the films, will be gladly received.

I shall be pleased to correspond with and give what help I can to persons desiring to use the films. Our films have been shown in different sections of the country and always with pleasure and profit to those who have seen them.

In order to pay running expenses and keep the films in repair, a charge for the use of the films is made. The terms are $5.00 for use of 4000 feet of film for one exhibition and express charges both ways.

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